

# Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



HE 'S GETTING WORSE AND WORSE.



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Editor H. C. Bunner.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### CONCERNING SENSATIONAL METHODS.

There is a class of publications whose lives depend upon their successful appeal to vicious instincts. According to the later significance given to the phrase of M. Dumas, these publications are the *demi-monde* of newspaperdom. Journalistic prostitution furnishes real prostitution with a large part of its sustenance. There are several phases of it. The least harmful is the frankly vicious phase represented by papers of the *Police Gazette* brand. The most insidious phase is represented by those papers that cloak their sensationalism with moral pretensions. Such a paper largely concerns itself with police and divorce-court records. Its best head-line reads in effect: "Testimony Unfit for Publication; It Was as Follows;" It may attain distinction by selling a few of its columns to thieves and libertines for assignation purposes, or by the light-hearted realism which animates its description of the underwear of a prominent actress. "Sensational" is the mildest epithet applied to such a paper, because it occasionally dallies with politics, or heads a subscription to purchase piano-lamps for starving infants. Its spirit is so insincere and debased that, in comparison, the editorial spirit of the *New York Sun* is positively one of lofty morality.

Another phase is represented by a class of weeklies whose sole end is to inspire and feed a morbid sexuality. Its pictures, if it prints any, and its text, embody this creed: "Debauchery is the most fitting theme for airy persiflage. Marital infidelity is universal. No comely woman is virtuous. No man is virtuous who is not imbecile. The modern young woman is heartless, mercenary and dissipated. She is constantly promising to marry the various men of her acquaintance. She wears at all hours a *décolleté* gown that would insure her prompt arrest anywhere outside of our pages." Upon this confession of faith are built dialogues whose vicious inanity is nauseating to a healthy mind. It also serves as a foundation for homilies, for it is the proud boast of the author of these crimes that he is a moral censor. He ingeniously weaves a thread of morality into his woof of prurience. He defends his vitiating rubbish by alleging that he and his readers are no longer trammeled by Puritan standards; that, furthermore, he is a disciple of the French school. Well, we have outgrown Puritan standards, but not the Puritan influence. The best proof of this is, that when an American essayist to delineate that decent indecency which he artlessly conceives to be the salient feature of French literature — when he tries to grow that French exotic in a soil that has been sterilized by

Puritanism — he simply succeeds in being nasty. He calls being indecent "risqué," and he has given an ulterior meaning to that harmless old word, "suggestive." He proudly points to his subscription list as a further justification, and his female prototype does the same.

Sensational journalism feasts upon the work of sensational reformers. The one man in the world who seems to be unfitted by his training to cope with vice, or anything else needing reform except theology, is the clergyman. And of all clerical reformers, the sensational is to be most dreaded. He works wrong from the start. He blunders away at Effect and lets Cause flourish unmolested. He never perceives that, to all intents, man lives the kind of life he is taught to want to live. He seems to believe that the Devil can be dispossessed from men's hearts by law — that human nature can be reconstructed by a few policemen. The net result of his blunders is that a few more people make the easy stages outlined by Pope, of enduring, pitying and embracing vice, and eagerly partake of the Lucretian repast which sensational journalism spreads to tickle jaded palates and to corrupt the untried. The sensational reformer might drop his reforming if he could n't make a noise; but he seems to have a pair of copper-riveted lungs. Intelligent people make the same excuse for him that could, with propriety, be offered for the lunatic who would seek to save the expense of city lighting by setting fire to large buildings at convenient intervals: "His methods are unwise, but you must admit his sincerity." The sensational reformer — whether his work be to introduce vice to strangers, to make a demagogue's rostrum of his pulpit, or to rob a few well-tended children of a means of livelihood by slandering a reputable profession — is to be as heartily condemned as the sensational journalism to which he ministers.

### CONCERNING GOOD AND BAD MONEY.

It is a matter of regret that the question of good money is not a party question. President Cleveland gave it first place in his inaugural address. It is the most vital issue before the country to-day. And yet, while it is easy to find a Republican who refines his poignant sorrow with the admission that President Cleveland deserves honor for declaring that nothing is more vital than a sound and stable currency, it is almost as easy to find a silver-mad Democrat who alleges that President Cleveland and his Cabinet are in the direct employ of the Bank of England and that thrifty family of Rothschilds, sacredly pledged to betray their country for British gold. He believes every criticism of the Sherman law to be the fruit of corruption. The funniest happening of the last campaign was the headline which glared from a New York morning paper a few days before election: "A Million Pounds Sterling of British Gold Raised in London to Elect Cleveland; the Rumor confirmed by Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree." The silver man makes these allegations with a frenzy that almost certifies to his sincerity. The fact remains that the Democratic platform's denunciation of the Sherman bill was just. We have seen that it is "fraught with dangerous possibilities" up to the muzzle. And some of the most dangerous have grown to be facts, and are now staring us out of countenance. On account of possible Bourbonism in the new Congress, Mr. Cleveland may deem it wise to allow these facts to become more palpable before acting. But other matters are unimportant until this menace to our common prosperity is removed.

### MRS. MCCALLASTOR'S BRIGHT IDEA.



"Oi wondher wull it do?"



"Jist me soize!"



## THE TORTURE OF TANTALUS.

FIRST VULTURE.—They say that Col. Shepard is a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

SECOND DITTO.—Yes; and yet he tortures us by keeping those Fifth Avenue stage horses in sight all the time without turning them out for us to feed on.

## AT DELMONICO'S.

PHILIP.—Don't you think you had better remove your furs?  
LAURA.—No, thank you; I'm only going to eat some ice cream.

## WHY SATAN SMILES.

"I don't see why the police can't do more toward putting a stop to vice in New York."

"How can they, when they're so busy shadowing Parkhurst's men?"

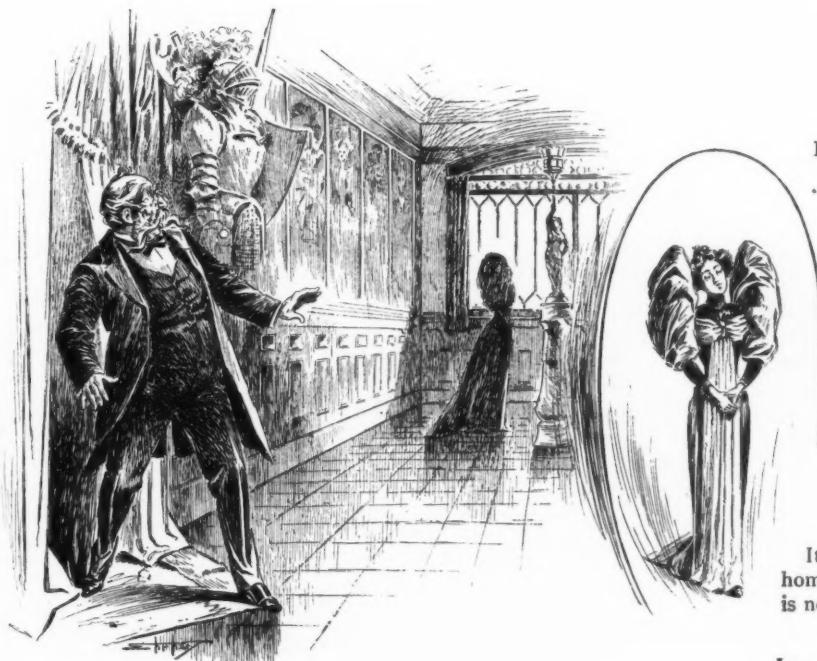
"Well, then, why don't Parkhurst's men do something?"

"How can they, when they're so busy shadowing the police?"

## SPRING.

Though, witching Spring, your praise I sing,  
And gently twang the poet's lyre;  
Excuse me if my chair I swing  
A little closer to the fire.

*Jone L. Jones.*



## A MOMENT OF HORROR.

On entering the hall, Lord Dusenberry was horrified at seeing "the headless lady," the hereditary ghost of his family—but investigation proved that she was no other than his daughter, the Hon. Miss Spatts, in her new Paris gown.

## PUCK.

## LOVE'S ROCKY COURSE.

"Oh, Mr. Smithkins, it's so funny about Mr. Beacon-Street and Miss Wabash! They met here in New York, you know, the other day, and fell desperately in love at first sight."

"Ah; and where does the funny part come in?"

"Oh, they can't understand a word each other says!"

## EXTENSIVE.

I know I've a heart just as large  
As e'er in the breast of man beat,  
For a graceful Chicagoan maid  
Got into it once with both feet.



## VERY THOUGHTLESS OF THEM.

DUSTY RHODES.—Say, dere's a story in de paper about a man what killed all his folks, because dey wanted him to go to work.

WEARY RAGGLES.—Dat was terrible!

DUSTY RHODES.—Ye-es, dey oughter have knowed better.

## PERSPICACITY.

PHYSICUS.—I see the physicians are encouraging foot-ball as one of the healthiest of games.

DIZZICUS.—Yes. They'd countenance the handling of cholera germs as a beneficial pastime, if it were possible.

## A FROST.

"They say Jack Gotham married Miss Justout for her money, and was much disappointed to find she had n't any."

"Yes; his hopes were nipped in the bud."

## SOLVES IT.

Life is a conundrum. And the horse-thief who has been riddled with bullets generally gives it up.

## FOR ONE WEEK ONLY.

It is only when the small boy is kept home from the circus that he feels there is no show for him at all.



"A LENTEN SUGGESTION."

IT IS N'T THE gaudy advertising card  
that gives merit to a brand of tobacco;  
but one has to stop and think a minute in  
order to realize this.

TOO MANY MEN occupy chairs in the  
school of life.



FRENCH TALES RETOLD  
WITH A UNITED STATES TWIST.\*

NO. 6.

A CAPTURE.

Retold from the French of M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT  
by  
H. C. BUNNER.

IT WAS a dark night—a night of silence and snow and of an infinite loneliness. It had been snowing since noon, not hard, but ceaselessly; a damp heavy snow, with no breath of wind to stir it; and now that the evening had set in, it seemed as though it were beginning to return whence it came, in the thin pale fog that was rising from the bottom-lands of the valley. Everywhere the white carpet stretched; roads and paths were blotted from sight, and the snow shroud covered the trees of the forest where we walked. There was no sound there but the fall of our feet, or the low thud of an over-burdened bough letting down its damp load—save when at long intervals a dry twig snapped with a noise like a distant pistol-shot.



"This night," said my French friend, Gaston, breaking the silence we had maintained for the last two miles, "reminds me of a certain night twenty-one years ago that I passed in a forest just like this, except that there were wolves there, and Prussians. No two days are exactly alike; but there are some nights, especially some Winter nights, that seem to repeat themselves exactly. The night I speak of was known in Rethel, where I was quartered—it was in our War, you know: what you call the Franco-Prussian War,) as Berthine's Night—*la nuit à Berthine*. Did I ever tell you about Berthine Pichon? No? Well then, I will tell you the story now. It is odd enough; and perhaps it may take a quarter of a mile off our way. Anything is better than this hideous silence, which bores me and gives me my nerves."

And my mercurial Gallic friend tamped the brierwood pipe he was smoking under the cover of his hand, shrugged the snow off his broad shoulders, cursed the weather, and then told me this tale, as we walked on through the silent forest in the deepening night:

"I was at Rethel that devilish Winter, detached from my regiment and in charge of a sort of militia organization which the people of the town had got up. Rethel is an out-of-the-way place, but it is an old town with traditions and fortifications, and the citizens had determined to resist the invaders and to stand a siege, if necessary. Of course most of their able-bodied men were away in the army; but they bought guns and some old-fashioned artillery, that happily never had to be fired off, and they drilled like good fellows, under my command—all sorts and conditions of men: butchers and bakers and grocers and lawyers and notaries and carpenters and even apothecaries. Oh, I tell you, they meant it, too! They were only too anxious for the Prussians to come. But the days and weeks went on and the Prussians did not come. They were in the neighborhood, sometimes within eight or ten miles of the town, but on the other side of the forest. Several times they did enter the forest, but I suppose it was only for wood, or perhaps for game. At any rate, as it turned out, they did not want Rethel. We knew of all their movements, for we had the best sentinel in the world: an old game-keeper and forester who lived in a little house in the very heart of the wood, and who could hear a rabbit wag its tail as far off, my friend, as you could see.

"This old man was named Nicolas Pichon, and Berthine was his daughter. She was a fine, strapping big girl—I think that she and her father were rather superior in every way, physically, mentally and morally, to the most of the peasants in that region. These things sometimes happen in a country that has had a few centuries of feudal rule. At any rate, she was what you might call a fine figure of a girl: big, plump, rosy, as strong as an ox, and afraid of neither wolves nor Prussians. On the night of which I speak—the night that was so like this—the old man had gone into town to notify us that a detachment of Prussian infantry had passed near his house that day. He generally reported once or twice



a week, and took provisions back with him when he returned. He lived in a small old stone house eight miles from Rethel; and he made nothing of running the whole distance—running, remember—and back in the course of an evening. He took his two great big hounds with him to defend him from the wolves, which were ferocious in the Winter time; and the two women barricaded themselves in the house until his return. They were safe enough there; the house had stood for centuries, and I suppose it is as strong to-day as it ever was. It frightened the old mother to be left in this way, and she sometimes complained to me when I went out there, as we officers occasionally did, to get a shot at a deer or a bird. We did not live high that Winter at Rethel, I can tell you! I never saw Berthine afraid, however. She simply laughed at the idea of harm coming her way.

"On this particular evening, after the old man had slipped off in the darkness, Berthine split the wood for that night and the next day; drew the water, and, after she had fastened the door, to please her mother, she set about making soup in the kettle. That is pretty much the staple diet of those peasants: thin soup for the poor days, cabbage soup for the rich days. To-night they were to have cabbage soup, so that they might save something good for the father to refresh himself with when he got home. And let me tell you that old mother Pichon and Berthine made a very good cabbage soup for a hungry man. It is not to be despised.

"It was just about this time of night when the two women heard a sound of men marching close to the house. The old mother was much alarmed; and she nearly fell off her chair with fright when she heard a musket-butt rapping on the door. But Berthine only took her father's heavy revolver down from the chimney piece and slipped it into the pocket of her woollen petticoat, such as our peasants wear; then she listened at the door. She heard a deep bass voice saying with a strong German accent, 'Open!'

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Corporal and five privates," said the German voice.

"What do you want?" Berthine demanded.

"We have lost our way," the German answered, "and we want to get in. If you don't open the door we'll break it in." (They have no manners, those Prussians.)

Berthine had no choice. The door was of oak, heavy and strong, like everything about the house; but of course six men could break it in, and there was nothing to do but to open to them. When she did so she saw six big bearded fellows covered with snow, and looking very cold and uncomfortable.

"What do you want at this hour of the night?" she asked.

"We've lost our way, I tell you," said the corporal, grunting it out in very bad French, "and none of us has had anything to eat since the morning. I remembered passing your house earlier in the day; but I've been two hours finding it again."

Berthine looked him straight in the face.

"There is no one here," she said, "but my old mother and myself."

"The corporal was a decent sort of fellow—for a Prussian."

"We don't want to hurt you," he said; "I give you my word, we'll make you no trouble; but we've got to have something to eat and we've got to rest. My men are almost dead."

"Come in," she said, standing back from the door, and they filed in. They dragged their heavy feet as if they had hardly strength enough to take another step, and they were almost too tired to shake off the snow that covered them. They sat down wearily on the two benches between which stood the table.

"You do look worn out," said Berthine as she closed the door after them; "I'll make you some soup; it's the best I can do for you."

"Anything will do," said the Prussian, wearily.

The old mother was still spinning, as she had been when the strangers first knocked. She had not dared stir from her wheel, but spun on silently, casting frightened looks at the soldiers out of the corner of her eye. She need not have alarmed herself. Hunger and fatigue had made them tame enough, and they sat like six good little children on their benches, watching Berthine make the soup.

She went about it as coolly and unconcernedly as though they had not been present. She added hot water to increase the volume of liquid in the kettle, and then made up its richness by the addition of potatos, more cabbage and a great piece of salt-pork. The soldiers looked on as though they could eat it, kettle and all, and it must have seemed a long time to everyone before that soup was ready. When it was placed before them, at last, they fell upon it like half-starved creatures, taking it in with brutish noises, and swallowing the potatos, when they came to them, as though they were strawberries. The privates said nothing, but the corporal grunted in his barbarous accent, "good, good!" Finally he found himself sufficiently fortified to begin to feel like himself again, and he asked Berthine if there was anything to drink in the house.

(Continued on page 70, this number.)



## NOT A JOKE.

THE PARROT.—Now stop, George! George, if you kiss me again, I'll call Mama. Oh, George!

(This may not appear funny to the reader, neither does it sound funny to JOHN. JOHN is engaged to MARY. He also knows that a "GEORGE" calls on MARY occasionally, "in a purely platonic sort of way, you know.")

## WHO WAS THE ASS?



WORDEN BLOW.—Look here, old fellow, I don't think I treated you right the other day, and I want to apologize. The fact is, I made an ass of myself.

WRIGHT EWARRE (taking his hand).—That's all right, old man. Inasmuch as you acknowledge it, I am glad to accept your apology.

WORDEN BLOW.—Thanks! Strange, what a fool a man can make of himself. I was an ass, was n't I? A good many kinds of a one.

WRIGHT EWARRE.—Yes, you were. You made about as big of an all-around kind of an ass of yourself as you could.

WORDEN BLOW.—Well, you need n't dwell on the fact. I admit it, and what more do you want?

WRIGHT EWARRE.—I was n't dwelling on it. You said you were an ass and I agreed with you, that was all.

WORDEN BLOW.—I did n't say any such thing. I said I had made an ass of myself on one occasion, and offered amends. I won't be called an ass by any man who walks on two feet.

WRIGHT EWARRE.—Well, you need n't be. I don't want to call you an ass, but when you admit it yourself, what's a man going to do?

WORDEN BLOW.—I did n't admit it. You don't know what you are talking about. You're a big stuff, any way. For three cents I would pull your ear.

WRIGHT EWARRE.—Come on then, hang you! (They clinch.)

T. M.

WHEN THE CRINOLINE comes there will still be plenty of room at the top. But men, unfortunately, can not walk on the ceiling.



When a suspicious character forces an entrance into a private house, for the purpose of carrying away property that does not belong to him, it is called BURGLARY.

## PRACTICAL THEOLOGY.

BOGGS.—Do you think that a man can serve two masters? HENPECK.—Well, sometimes; he may have a wife and a grown daughter, you know!

## A CONSOLING THOUGHT.

Queen Lil is deposed, as every one knows, But her position is yet sublime; For the poets may swear and tear their hair, But they can't put her name in rhyme.

C. W.



## NOT HIS SIZE.

NEWLY ELECTED CONGRESSMAN (from Kansas).—I'd like to have my picture taken.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—Cabinet?

NEWLY ELECTED CONGRESSMAN (blushing).—No; just a plain, every-day Congressman.

## TOO NOISY FOR HIM.

SILAS TURNIP (regarding the new building of the cable road).—What buildin' is that thar big un over thar?

POLICEMAN.—That's the power house.

SILAS TURNIP.—Wall, that mershine they got in the cellar ter run ther ele-vator 's so gosh almighty noisy, I guess I'll put up ter some other hotel. Good day!

## ALL THE DIFFERENCE.



When a suspicious character forces an entrance into a private house, for the purpose of carrying away information to which he has no right, it is called JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE.

REVENUE OFFICERS  
—Boodle Aldermen.

A MAKE BELIEVE—  
The Missionary.

A COLUMBIAN SOUVENIR — This Country.

"I have only cider," she answered him.

"Give us some; there's a good girl," he said.

Moving thoughtfully, and with something in her manner that probably attracted the attention of the corporal, Berthine took a big, old-fashioned key from the wall, unlocked and opened the great trap-door in the corner of the room, and went down the winding stone steps into the cellar. She was gone a long time; so long a time that the corporal grew uneasy, and when a strange, uncanny sound suddenly broke the stillness, he drew his revolver quickly and looked across



the room at the old woman. She rose, trembling in affright.

"It is only the wolves, sir," she cried.

"Wolves!" repeated the corporal, incredulously; but he went to the door, and, opening it cautiously, looked out and saw the gaunt, gray shapes prowling about in the snow.

"Well," he said, good-naturedly, as he bolted the door and returned to his place, "I would n't have believed it, old woman. We did better than we knew when we paid you this visit, did n't we?" And he shook his great yellow beard in laughter at his own joke.

Berthine came up from the cellar with the cider, a generous big stone pitcher full, and she gave it to her uninvited guests with a pleasant smile upon her face. They had it gulped down in a minute or two, and twice she re-filled it for them, each time with a still more pleasant smile upon her face; which, let me assure you, my friend, was a very peculiar thing for a French peasant woman giving away cider.

By the time they had finished the third pitcher, fatigue and their heavy drink had so told on them that they began to fall asleep where they sat.

"Stretch yourselves out in front of the fire there," said Berthine, kindly; "there's room enough for you all. My mother and I will take our supper over here; and when we are through, we will go up to bed. You'd better put on another log."

The soldiers stretched themselves out on the stone floor; the two women made a hasty meal of what remained of the soup, first secretly setting aside a portion to be kept for the father; and then they climbed up the ladder to the garret that served them as bed-chamber, and left the lower story to their visitors. The flickering fire-light played on six bearded Prussian faces; the oaken rafters thrilled with six different kind of Prussian snores.

"They had slept long enough to be at sleep's heaviest, when a gun-

shot rang out on the air seemingly far off, yet so exaggerated in loudness by the sounds of the night that it might have come from under the very eaves. The six soldiers leaped to their feet, and stood gazing at each other in drowsy amazement. Another shot followed at once, and then, after a longer interval, two more. Suddenly a form dropped among them from the low ceiling. It was Berthine, who had swung herself down through the opening from the garret, disdaining the help of the ladder. She held a lighted candle in her hand, and its yellow flame illuminated her fine figure. She was bare-footed, bare-armed, and clad only in her primitive peasant's night-dress, a coarse linen chemise and a short petticoat. Her eyes blazed with anxious excitement.

"For heaven's sake, get out of the house!" she cried; "it is the French regiment from the town — five hundred of them — and if they find you here they will burn the house over our heads, and perhaps kill my mother and me for giving you shelter. Make haste, there is no time to be lost!" And she moved toward the door.

"The man's face reddened.

"How can we go?" he asked sullenly. "My men would be shot down in a moment." And even as he spoke, two more shots were heard close at hand. Berthine cast her eyes about her as if in desperate search of some way out of the difficulty.

"Get down into the cellar, then," she cried hurriedly, "and keep quiet. I'll tell you when they are gone."

She raised the heavy trap-door. The corporal grinned with delight, slapped her cordially on the shoulder, called her a clever girl; and the six men, with their guns and overcoats, filed noiselessly down the winding stone stairs. As the spike of the last helmet disappeared from sight, Berthine let down the trap-door quickly and softly, and the moment it was down she leaped upon it with cat-like rapidity; and, leaning over, gave the key two quick turns. Then with her strong forefinger she cleaned the dust and dirt of the floor out of two bolt-heads at the sides of the trap, and shot the rusty bolts.

"She stood erect as her mother came down the ladder, climbing down with nervous clutches at the rounds, for in one skinny hand she held her husband's big revolver, still smoking and smelling of powder. It was she who had been detailed to fire out of the furthest window of the garret the shots from the heavy weapon which had sounded like the reports of a distant musket. She stood bent and trembling, looking at her daughter, while Berthine, with her hands on her broad hips, twisted and swayed and writhed in a convulsion of silent laughter."

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### A ROUSING IDEA.

HORTENSE. — What loud clocks you have on your stockings!

LUCILLE. — Yes; they're alarm clocks to wake my feet when they go to sleep.

#### HOW IT IS DONE.

FOREMAN NEW YORK STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT. — Get out yer brooms, b'y's, and stir up this dust. There's a good breeze on and it'll help yez clear it away.

#### HISTORICAL.

TEACHER. — When was New Jersey settled?

SMALL BOY. — When the race-track people got control.

#### A BOOMERANG.

When the flush of a new-born daughter dawned on the Kipling's ingleside, Father Rudyard sat under the family tree and beamed with paternal pride; And his first-born child, as it cooed and smiled, brought joy to his clever heart, Till he heard a strain from his own refrain: "It's pretty, but is it art?"



"THE LATE MR. SMITH."

#### A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE — A Unanimous Nomination.

IT LOOKS this year as if Winter would steal a March on Spring.

AN INTEMPERATE ZONE — Where People have Skates on all the Year Round.



A CONSIDERATE MAN.

RURAL RELATIVE (as he scrapes around on the highly polished floor). — By gum! Them rugs is all-fired handsome, an' I ain't jay enough to go walkin' all over them with my hob-nail boots — plain boards is good enough for me.

## A PROTEST.



Turkey Foot Hollow P. O., March 10th, 1893.

TO MISTER BISSEL,

I'm the Post Master at this office; a law abiding citizen; and I believe in supporting what the Government does. But all of the folks at Turkey Foot aint this sort of a gentlemen.

If there is any law fur it, I want you to prosecute em.

Fur some weeks, I have been sellin the Columbian postage stamps. They dont like em much here; and the way they talk about em, seems to me like the law ort to take hold of it.

One of em told me heed take all I had, if Id let him punch a few holes in em and sell em fur Alcots Porous Plasters. You see he wanted to swindel the Goverment, fur heed sell em as Plasters at 25 cts a peace, and buy em as stamps at 2 cts a peace.

This same man wanted to use some of em fur return postal cards. Said heed fold em in the middel, write the messedge on one side, and the address on the other.

A sort of a doctor told me today, that Id be flat on my back with cronick indigesheun, if I used many of em. Said my human nater couldnt furnish saliver fur both mastycashun and Columbus stamps.

Some of em advise me to resine my office, have my stamps framed, and sell em fur cromoes.

An insultin pup stepped up to me today and said, did you know that



## AT BLARNEY CASTLE.

ISAACSTEIN. — Pull me pack, poy; pull me pack! dot  
plarney stone vos a pig humpug! — It 's no tiiamond!

the Lick Observertry had shut down fur repares? Yes Sir the hull country thot the consern was in the lickin business, and them new stamps got to pilin on em so fast the thing busted.

Now, Mister Bissel, this sort of doins has gone fur enuff. Mayby they cant lick my stamps; but theyll have me to lick if the thing dont stop, and I druther have the stamps stopped, if its the same to you, and go back to the old line.

Please anser my return mail.

Yours Respectively,  
WASH WADKINS. P. M.

## NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

ALEC TRISITY.—Do you believe in electrocution?  
FOGGARTY.—No, sir; I do not! The old-fashioned way of hanging that suited my forefathers is good enough for me.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN New York and Brooklyn is, that the former wants consolidation and does n't need it; while the latter needs consolidation and does n't want it.



## BRILLIANT INSPIRATION OF MR. HOWSON LOTT!

PORTABLE ELECTRIC SEARCH LIGHT FOR SUBURBAN RESIDENTS! LANTERNS ENTIRELY DONE AWAY WITH.

## ACCOUNTED FOR.

"I wonder how so imperial a city as Paris ever came to be so saturated with Republican ideas."

"It is probably due to the fact that all good Americans go there when they die."

## LEECH'S LEECHES.

The artists and the funsmiths now  
Are working in a bunch  
Re-hashing jokes on Crinoline  
From the 1860 *Punch*.

R. L. McC.



## AN ARTISTIC LITTLE GIRL.

"Why did you break dolly's arm?" asked Mrs. Mommier of her six-year-old daughter.

"I wanted to make a Venus of it, like the one in the parlor."



WANAMAKER.—  
I have bargains in laces, and elegant vases,  
And corsets and gimlets and gum :  
And boxes and socks, and clockses and frockses,  
And underwear strictly lum-tum ;  
Come buy of your Johnny-cake, buy of your Wannymake,  
Cheap little Wannymake, come !

REID.—  
I've nothing left but Ophir Farm  
And my Integritee,  
My personal charms that no longer charm  
And the *Tribune's* respect for me.

MORTON.—  
I shall sit no longer there,  
In my lofty Senate chair,  
But I'm wiser if I am not quite so young ;  
I'm a candidate who's ending  
Quite a period of spending,  
And my barrel now is closed up at the bung.

HARRISON.—  
Oh, what do I do for a Presid  
A Professor's life for  
Away out on a Pacific coast  
The youthful brain will I r  
And the seals shall sh  
When I preach internationa

GRAND FINALE OF AN UNENT

PUCK.—Now, then, look as hap



CROKER.—

My Cleveland is treating me not very well,  
And the cause of his coldness I think I can tell :  
Although to elect him I certainly tried,  
I find he came in on a popular tide,  
Whereon I am tossed like a fragment of cork —  
But in other respects I am Boss of New York !

that do I Presidencie ?  
lessor's life for me !  
Pacific coast  
out on  
outful  
ika shall shiver with awe  
seals  
I pread

HILL and MR-TOO MURPHY.—

We are two dreadful villains of the palaeozoic kind,  
Our ways are dark and blind, and a hundred years behind,  
And our present occupation, in a state of desperation,  
Is to worry Grover Cleveland, and he never seems to mind,  
Indeed, we don't attract his observation !

DANA.—

Cleveland would n't have me, nohow,  
He would n't give me office, nohow !  
I've got the *Sun's* own cat,  
And I'm very fond of that ;  
But that ain't no kind of Foreign Mission, nohow !

UNINTENTIONALLY COMIC OPERA.  
You can, and all sing together !



## HOME INDUSTRY MUST BE PROTECTED.

JUSTICE (to PRISONER).—What is your name?  
PRISONER.—Ebenezer Peebles.  
JUSTICE.—Where are you from?  
PRISONER.—Punxsutawney, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania.  
JUSTICE.—Officer, what is the charge?  
OFFICER.—Swindling green-goods men, yer Honor.  
JUSTICE.—Ten years.

## TELEPATHY.

"Scientific and medical men assert that an eighth sense has been discovered," remarked the Youth, after a long silence during which the Maid thought he was preparing to make a graceful departure. "It is a sort of mental telegraph, so that one person can read what the other thinks."

"Yes," assented the Dear Girl; "I do not doubt it. I can at this moment perceive what you are thinking of."

"Y—You can?" stammered the Young Man; "w—what is it?"

"Well," returned the Girl, glancing side-wise at the clock, which was forty minutes fast, "you are wondering how much longer you can prolong your call without causing me to yawn."

## HOW HE FELT.

OLD MARTEL.—Have a drink?

YOUNG HYSON.—No, thanks. I don't believe liquor agrees with me. I have n't touched a drop in two months.

OLD MARTEL.—Well, how do you feel now?

YOUNG HYSON.—I feel just like taking a drink.



ENGLISH TOURIST (taking notes in Kansas).—"One remarkable thing about the inhabitants of this State is, that, although they have good and comfortable homes they are often found living in holes in the ground."

CHAGRIN.  
The penniless poet wandered far—  
Two miles to the town P. O.  
For a check, and found but the circu-lar  
Of a Safe Deposit Co.

## A JOURNALISTIC METHOD.

DUTTON (proffering a cigar).—Lovely weather, is n't it?  
SMITH'S COACHMAN.—Very fine, sir.  
DUTTON.—I want to show you a few samples of oats which my house has just received from Michigan.  
COACHMAN.—I don't think I can give you a horder to-day, sir.  
DUTTON.—Then you are well supplied?  
COACHMAN.—Well, no, sir. That is to say, we are halmost hentirely hout of hoats, sir.  
DUTTON.—How are you off for bran? I can offer you a very superior quality of bran—which arrived only yesterday from California. This California bran is the best in the market.

COACHMAN.—Wile not saying that we 'ave hany perticler supply of bran on 'and, sir, leastwise we don't want hany.

DUTTON.—How about hay? We have some fine Alfalfa hay, that is selling with great rapidity from one end of the country to the other.

COACHMAN.—Well, we 'ave n't hany too much 'ay, so to say, sir; but Mr. Smith, that 's the guv'nor, 'ave hordered me not to horder hany more feed this Spring, sir.

DUTTON (laughing good-naturedly).—He does n't intend to feed his horses on excelsior, for economy, does he?

COACHMAN.—Ho, no, sir! My himpression his, 'owever, that 'e hintends leaving New York very shortly, sir.

(DUTTON, newspaper reporter, then departs merrily upon his way, and on the following morning his paper gets a beat on all other papers by announcing as a positive fact that MR. SMITH is going to be the new Minister to Sene-gambia. And SMITH wonders how the paper ever gained its information.)

R. K. M.

## A NOVICE.

MR. PEASTRAW.—What are yeh readin'?  
MR. OATCAKE.—Jim Riley's poems.

MR. PEASTRAW.—What do you think of him?

MR. OATCAKE.—I think he'd be a mighty easy man to spell down at a spellin' match.



(And just then the cyclone struck!)

EVERY FLIRTATION is fun to one of the parties concerned. Sometimes it takes a good while to find out which one.

ARTISTIC COOKERY turns the plain grub into the butterfly of gastronomical beauty.

EVERY EFFECT MUST have a cause, but it is n't always flames that cause a "Fire Sale" of clothing.

In these days of progress, the **BEST** is just good enough for a buyer who pays his honest Dollars. Among Pianos the **BEST** is the

139-155 E. 14th St.,  
New York.  
Wabash Ave. and  
Jackson Street,  
Chicago.  
308-314 Post Street,  
San Francisco.

**SOHMER**



"How ingeniously Mr. Pozzoni complimented my complexion to-night." After a moment's reflection: "Oh, Heavens, I wonder if he can be the face-powder man!"

## AMERICAN Club House Cheese



DELICIOUS,  
APPETIZING,  
TEMPTING.

A soft, rich cheese, put up in hermetically sealed glass jars.

If your grocer does not keep it send 14 cts. in stamps and a miniature jar will be mailed to any address.

A full size jar will be expressed to any point in the United States, charges prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents.

**THE CHANDLER & RUDD CO.,**  
Manufacturers, CLEVELAND, O.

BOBBY.—What is a piano recital, Mama?

MAMA.—A piano recital, my son, occurs when the pianist makes the piano talk.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"I SUPPOSE Denton is making a name for himself in the city?"

"Well, judging from the police reports he has made himself two or three.—*Inter Ocean.*



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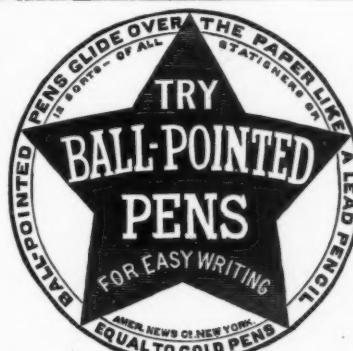
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Yours respectfully, A. CRACKSMAN.

The enormous sale of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has brought to the surface numerous imitations. Keep a sharp look-out when you buy.

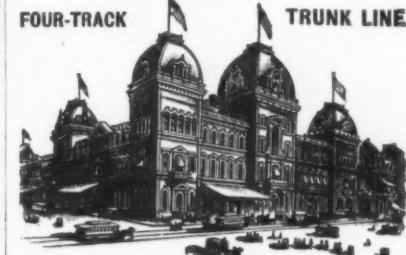
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Our New Films are giving perfect satisfaction. They are highly sensitive and repeated tests show that they retain this sensitiveness as well as glass plates. No other films are so free from imperfections; none so uniform; none so reliable. Our film doesn't frill.

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To know Columbias is to own them—there are other good bicycles, but the Columbia guarantee is as solid as the mint.

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We issue a Shopping List about March 1st; it's unique and yours for the asking.

Buy 5000 dozen of these half-hose every Spring and Summer from us.

It is made near Chemnitz, Germany, by the best stocking maker in the world, from the longest fibered cotton obtainable, giving it great elasticity, and splendid wearing qualities. The gauge is so fine it resembles silk. The colors are modes, tans and greys, also in perfect fast black.

You can pay 50 cents and get not as good.

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750\*

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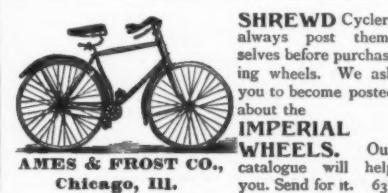
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Palatable, Pure, Refreshing and Stimulating. . . .

can be made in three minutes, thus: take a cup of boiling hot water, stir in a quarter teaspoon (not more) of

**Liebig Company's Extract of Beef,**

Then add an egg — and some sherry if liked — season carefully . . . .



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healthy flesh — nature never burdens the body with too much sound flesh. Loss of flesh usually indicates poor assimilation, which causes the loss of the best that's in food, the fat-forming element.

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of pure cod liver oil with hypophosphites contains the very essence of all foods. In no other form can so much nutrition be taken and assimilated. Its range of usefulness has no limitation where weakness exists.

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doesn't come from riches. It comes first, and brings riches. While the poor man walks, he will stay poor. His prosperity begins when he rides, and eats a good dinner, and carries a good watch. A "poor" watch is the very badge of poverty, worse than none; but either condition is too expensive for a poor man: he can't afford to lose the time of day. Keeping that under his thumb, he may yet be wealthy. Then comes true economy: diamonds for his wife; a man to guard them. But still, for his own pocket, the same trusty watch that "made" him: the quick-winding Waterbury.

All styles at all jewelers. \$4 to \$15. 34

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30 DAYS FOR 25¢

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Fine Sewed Shoes.



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\$2.50, \$2.25,



\$2.00

For Working Men.



\$1.75 Misses.



\$2.50 & \$2.00

For Ladies.



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DO YOU WEAR THEM?



# “—a perfect toilet soap”



WILLIAMS' BARBERS' SOAP.

An open pound package — 6 round Cakes.  
Your Druggist sells it —  
Your BARBER sells it — 40c. — Six Cakes.

## Men's Faces —

have known the wonderful *softening*, comforting, *healing* properties of **WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS** — for upwards of Half a Century. No good Barber uses any other kind — it is sold in every civilized country on the globe.

Did it never occur to you that what is so good for the *face*, *must* be exceptionally pure — and nice for the entire body — as a bath and Toilet Soap?

## WILLIAMS' BARBERS' SOAP

**13 Years.** cost us just *thirteen years* of constant costly experiment — but we succeeded, and our success came *two-fold*. It became almost immediately *the* Soap for BARBERS' use — and to-day no shop that does not use it is considered first-class or a safe place to be shaved in. It became a most popular TOILET Soap, too — and to-day tons upon tons of it — are used for *that* purpose.

## A BRIGHT BARBER

— pure, mild, *healing* enough for the *face*, *must* be excellent for the rest of the body.

He began selling **WILLIAMS' SOAP** to his customers to take home for TOILET use. The circle widened — and to-day extends around the world — *millions* are using it —. Barbers and Druggists everywhere are selling it.

## Soft—white Skin.

**WILLIAMS' BARBERS' SOAP** creates a lather totally *unlike* other Soaps. It resembles soft — rich — delicate *cream* — more than it does ordinary lather. It *feels* like cream — and it *acts* like it.

After using, the skin feels cool — soft — fresh —. It removes every kind of irritation — blemishes of every kind, and assures a most beautiful skin, of the finest texture.

## Chaps — Cracks Sores.

**WILLIAMS' BARBERS' SOAP** was *made to heal* —. Tender faces would become *more* tender but for the soothing, comforting properties it contains. It will heal a sore on the hands — or back — just as quickly as on the *face*. Rough spots — eczema — old sores — cuts — *all* flesh wounds heal quickly and smoothly — if washed daily with this delicate *antiseptic* soap.

## The Price.

A full pound package of this soap costs but 40 cents. Start with one pound — try that before getting more. If you like it — if it *is* what we *say* it is — you will want to buy it by the box — of ten packages. You save a little by doing this.

One pound will last one person six months. It is *not* expensive. Less than 80 cents a year — for your TOILET SOAP!

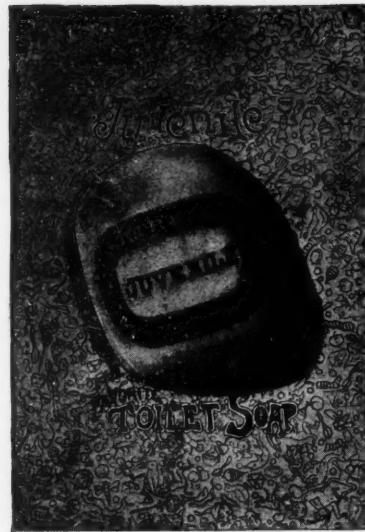
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Any druggist — any good BARBER — *almost* any Grocer. But be sure you get **WILLIAMS' BARBERS' BAR SOAP** — in *round* cakes —.

If you do not live near a good drug store or Barber Shop, *write to us*. We mail — postpaid — a full pound package — to any address on receipt of 40c. in Stamps.

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Soap — for  
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The easiest and best garter ever worn. Always clean, always the same tension. Ask your dealer for them, or send to

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PRICE, 25 Cents.

### SIX LITTLE TAILORS' SPRING OPENING. CLAY'S DIAGONAL COATS AND VESTS (to order).

\$12, \$15,  
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These goods  
are made out of  
pure BOTANY  
wool, soft fin-  
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NOVELTIES  
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Silk or Satin Lined.  
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large varieties, to  
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Cloth sold by the yard, all shrunk and ready for use.

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PRAY for the things you want, but work for  
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A NATURAL MISTAKE.—I.



CONDUCTOR.—That feller's stark, starin' crazy, sure—I'd better stop the car an' call a policeman.

To quickly relieve Neuralgic Headache  
Use Bromo-Seltzer — Trial bottle 10c.

The American Wine Co. of St. Louis, make the  
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If you can't get it at home, order direct.



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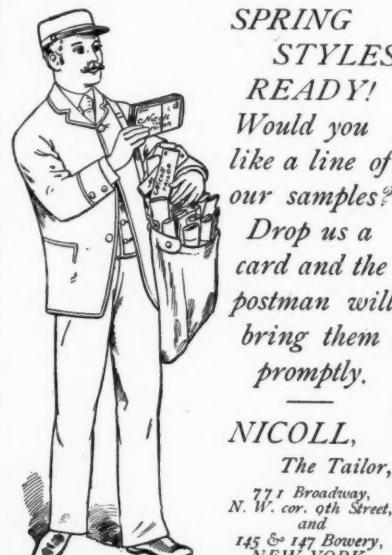
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Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a  
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for presents. Sample orders  
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# Pears' Soap

People have no idea how  
cruel and crude soap can be.

It takes off dirt. So far, so  
good; but what else does it do?

It cuts the skin and frets the  
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roughness and leads to worse.  
Not soap, but the alkali in it.

Pears' Soap has no free alkali in it. It neither reddens nor roughens the skin. It responds to water instantly; washes and rinses off in a twinkling; is as gentle as strong; and the after-effect is every way good.

All sorts of stores sell it,  
especially druggists; all sorts  
of people use it.

### WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

FOR THE  
SCALP, SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

The result of 20 years' practical experience in treating  
the Skin and Scalp, a medicinal toilet soap for bathing and  
beautifying. Prepared by a dermatologist. Sold by druggists,  
grocers and dry goods dealers, or sent by mail, 3 cakes for \$1.00.

**WOODBURY'S**  
ANTISEPTIC SHAVING STICKS AND BARS.

Impossible to contract a skin disease when used. In-  
sist on your barber using it when shaving you.

Sticks, 25c.; Barbers' Bars, 15c., 2 for 25c.



A sample Cake of Facial Soap and a 150 page book  
on Dermatology and Beauty Culture on the Skin, Scalp,  
Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent mailed  
on receipt of 10 cents; also disfigurements, like Birth  
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CONSULTATION FREE AT OFFICE OR BY LETTER.

**\$3.50 HUNTING CASE  
GENTS' LADIES' OR FREE**  
A fine 14k gold plated watch  
to every reader of this paper,  
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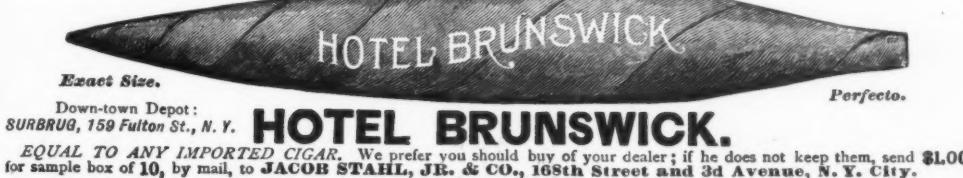
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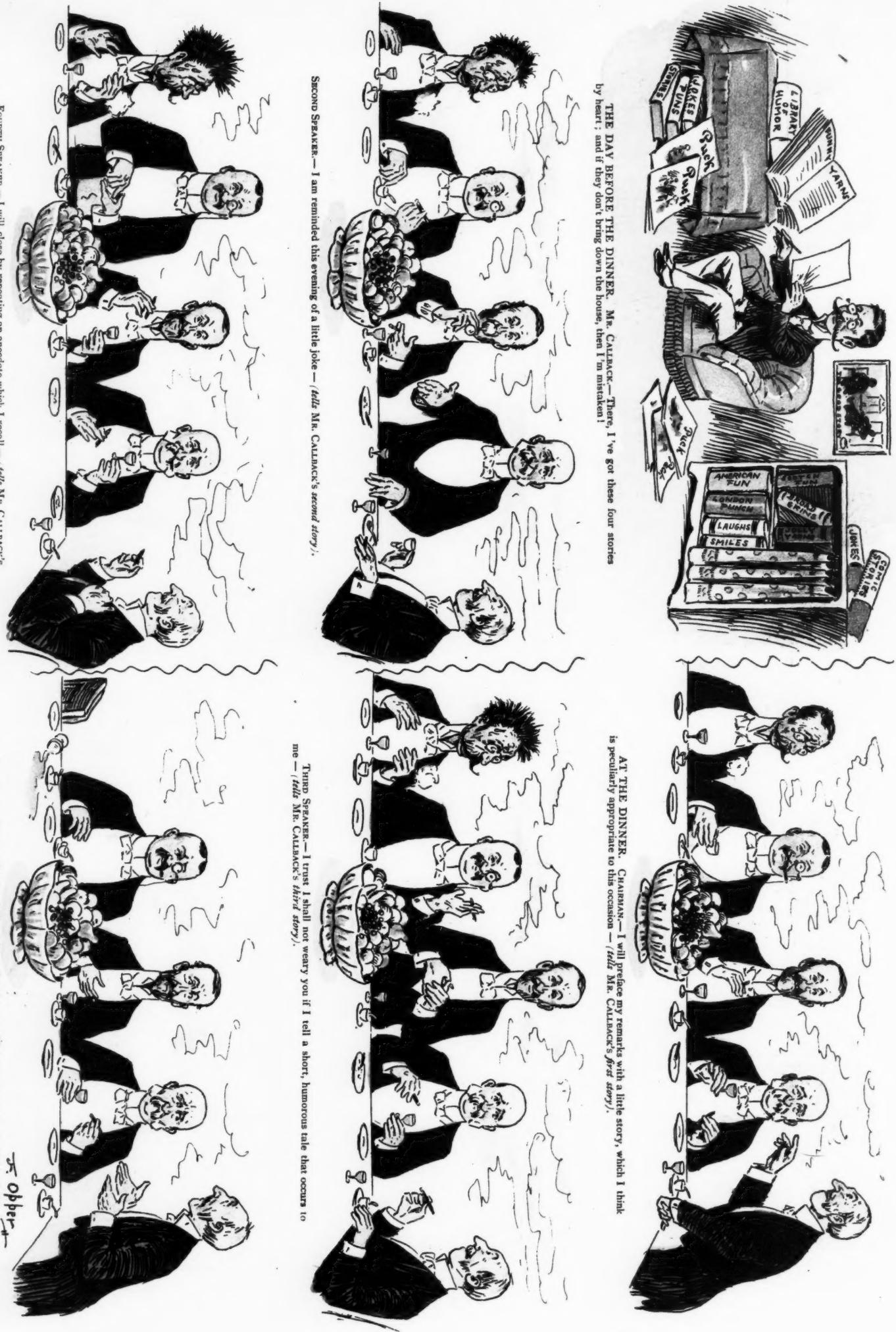
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THE DAY BEFORE THE DINNER. Mr. CALLBACK.—There, I've got these four stories by heart; and if they don't bring down the house, then I'm mistaken!

AT THE DINNER. CHAIRMAN.—I will preface my remarks with a little story, which I think is peculiarly appropriate to this occasion — (*tells Mr. CALLBACK's first story*).

SECOND SPEAKER.—I am reminded this evening of a little joke — (*tells Mr. CALLBACK's second story*).

THIRD SPEAKER.—I trust I shall not weary you if I tell a short, humorous tale that occurs to me — (*tells Mr. CALLBACK's third story*).

FOURTH SPEAKER.—I will close by repeating an anecdote which I recall — (*tells Mr. CALLBACK's fourth story*).

CHAIRMAN.—I regret that we shall not have the pleasure of listening to our esteemed friend, Mr. Callback, this evening; a sudden illness has obliged him to leave the table and to return home.

MR. CALLBACK'S FIRST AFTER-DINNER SPEECH, AND WHY HE DID N'T MAKE IT.

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